



"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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WADDELL FARM.

A Spirited Cavalry Argument in Arkansas.

IN AN AMBUSCADE.

The Union Forces Rally and Seize the Saber.

ROUT OF THE REBELS.

Driven in Confusion from the Hotly-Contested Field.

BY COL. A. G. BRACKETT, 2D U. S. CAV., FORT DAVIS, TEX.

On the 30th of June, 1862, Gen. Grant, then at Memphis, Tenn., wrote to Gen. Halleck these words: "A gentleman from Arkansas, who has just made his escape from there and came up on one of our gunboats, says that Gen. Curtis has lost several fighting parties; the Texas Rangers take no prisoners; thinks the rebel force on White River cannot be less than 5,000 or 6,000; it is estimated by citizens as more than double that number. The troops from Little Rock have all been brought over to White River; there are some Louisiana troops, between 1,000 and 2,000 from Missouri, four or five regiments Texas Rangers, and a large number of Arkansas conscripts; the number of the latter is estimated very large and increasing daily."

Now, as is well known, the troops of Gen. Curtis had a hard time in Arkansas, but as far as known no foraging parties were lost, though several came near being captured by the enemy. The Texas Rangers did not find it so easy a matter to capture the Union soldiers as they had supposed, and on several occasions were severely worsted. Neither did the Louisiana and Arkansas soldiers walk away with the Unionists, but were compelled to make some

RAPID RETROGRADE MOVEMENTS.

Arkansas had already contributed many regiments to the Confederate service, and was ready to contribute more. The leaders in the State, and especially the military authorities, strained every nerve to complete their quota. There was a determination to drive Gen. Curtis and his army away, even if it took the last man to do it, and many a stalwart form was added to the military array of the Confederates. Uniforms were furnished to all who chose to join the ranks, and when marshaled under proper officers they presented a very respectable appearance. More than anything else they lacked capable officers, very few of the leading men having any conception whatever of military matters. Too late they discovered that they had neglected their military education too long, and now found very few men indeed who could instruct them. That they were brave enough there was no doubt at all, but individual courage is a far different thing from the disciplined courage of regiments and brigades.

The weather during the month of June was excessively hot, and the vegetation in the rich land as rank and luxuriant as could be. Numerous swamps dotted the surface of the country, and huge cypress trees rose amid them, clothed with Spanish moss, which swayed to and fro in the wind. Cypress knees abounded in these swamps, rendering crossing difficult and treacherous. Canals were found here and there, giving shelter to wild animals, and fever-breeding swamps rendered the region to every one

UNWHOLESOME AND RICKLY.

On the 10th of May, 1862, Private Elijah D. Jenkins, of the 9th Ill. Cav., was assassinated by the Confederates at Cotton Plant, Ark.; and on the 21st of May, Private Philander W. Pringle, of Co. G, same regiment, was murdered in cold blood by the rebels, and his body left lying in a swamp near Jacksonport, Ark., until brought out and buried by a party of soldiers, under Lieut. Arza F. Brown. These outrages had the effect of inflaming the resentment of the men of the regiment, and made them long for an opportunity to cross arms with the secessionists. It was a mean and contemptible kind of warfare, unworthy of civilized men; but some of the Confederate leaders sanctioned these things, and urged their followers to continue them. Of course there must be a turn in every tide, and the turn occurred on the 12th of June.

On the morning of that day Col. Brackett, of the 9th Ill. Cav., in command of the troops at the junction of Black with White River, opposite Jacksonport, sent out a wagon train to get corn and bacon for the use of the troops. These supplies were very much needed, as nothing could be procured in any other way. As a guard for this train he sent out part of Cos. A, M, K and C, 9th Ill. Cav., under Maj. Hector J. Humphrey, and supposed everything would move along quietly, as had been the case for some time past. The citizens of Arkansas did not like to lose their provisions, but there was no help for it, as the Union soldiers must

HAVE SOMETHING TO LIVE ON.

The command started for the Waddell farm, some four miles below Jacksonport, and while moving along was violently assailed from an ambuscade, and several of the soldiers wounded. Co. K, commanded by Capt. Charles S. Cameron, was in front and for a time was obliged to bear the full brunt of the attack. The train halted, and after keeping up the fire for some time Maj. Humphrey deemed it best to send back to camp for reinforcements.

As soon as Col. Brackett could make the necessary arrangements he started out for the relief of his men, taking with him two more companies of his regiment, and two companies of Bowen's battalion of Missouri cavalry, together with two mountain how-

itzers belonging to the battalion. Traveling along as rapidly as he could he soon overtook the train, halted in the road, the rebels on horseback yelling and taunting our men. Taking down a high rail fence to the right, he formed four companies of the 9th Ill. Cav. in line inside the cottonfield, with orders to



"AMONG THEM WAS JUDGE ROBINSON IN FULL REBEL UNIFORM."

charge the Confederate line as soon as he could get the howitzers in position and commence firing. The Confederates, consisting of Hooker's Corps, were very bold and defiant, which was not remarkable, as thus far they had carried everything their own way, and thought they could continue to do so. The cavalry companies in the field were commanded by Capt. Burgh, Knight, Cameron and Blackmore. The howitzers, under Lieut. Madison, were defended by two companies of Bowen's Missouri cavalry battalion, under Capt. Williams and Lieut. Dalton.

Capt. Cowan, with Co. D, 9th Ill. Cav., was kept in rear of the train to repel any of the Confederates should they make an attack upon our rear, and Capt. Perkins, with his company (F), 9th Ill. Cav., remained with the Colonel. By this time a

LARGE NUMBER OF NEGRO SLAVES

had assembled in the cottonfield, some distance away from the Confederate soldiers, as if to watch the changing movements of the fight. When everything was in readiness Col. Brackett gave the command to fire, firing diagonally across the cottonfield and directly among the rebel soldiers. At the same time the Illinois cavalrymen, with sabers drawn, struck spurs into their horses, and away they went after the enemy. The negroes, seeing what was going on, tore away the fence in front of our men, giving them a clear road after the enemy, who gave way at once. Some of the rebels who endeavored to impede the progress of our troops were cut down in the twinkling of an eye, while several were taken prisoners. In the meantime the howitzers continued to send their shells into the farmhouse, toolhouse and ginhouse, where many of the Confederate sharpshooters still remained, and soon the toolhouse was a mass of flames, the riders escaping as best they could across Village Creek, sadder and wiser men. For a time there was a good deal of noise and confusion, but gradually, as the enemy managed to hide themselves away in the swamps beyond the reach of our cavalrymen, the sounds died out except the crackling of the flames and falling of the beams in the toolhouse.

The long wagon-train was now brought forward, and everybody was in high glee at the prospect of getting full loads of bacon and corn, in which they were not disappointed. There were a good many wounded men to care for, both on the Union and Confederate side, and places were fixed in the wagons so that they could ride along comfortably. Many of them were badly shot, especially one rebel, named Futtrell, who had a large ball

PASS THROUGH HIS LUNGS, and no one thought he could recover. One of the Captains of Hooker's command, named Shuttleworth, was also badly wounded, but he did not fall into our hands. The main loss to our side fell upon Co. K, 9th Ill. Cav., which had nearly one-half of its number, out on this duty, either killed, wounded or missing. This company received the first fire of the enemy, concealed in the bushes,



MAKING WAY FOR THE CAVALRY.

and might be said not to have been prepared for it. Corp'l Joseph J. O. H. Spinney, who afterward became a Captain, was among those hit, with 12 others wounded and missing. Corp'l Waldo was also seriously injured by a bullet.

A good guard was kept out so that our people could not be surprised while filling their wagons, but the Confederates had been so severely handled that they made no demonstration. In fact, this was the first repulse they had met with in this portion of the country of a serious nature, and they were greatly surprised at the result. Their

leaders kept assuring them that it was an easy thing to overthrow the Unionists.

During the fight a shell from one of the howitzers lodged in the chimney of the Waddell house, and had it exploded the building would soon have been in flames. A great number of bales of cotton were burnt, which gave rise to much comment on the part of the secessionists, who had been taught that the principal thing the Unionists desired

WAS COTTON.

"I thought you wanted cotton," said one of the rebels.

"Not much," replied a Union soldier; "we can get along very well without it."

"But our people tell us that is what you came here for."

"Well, your leaders for once were mistaken; we do not care specially for it."

"Yes, I see that," replied the rebel.

"Some of the Yankees would not only burn your cotton, but the cotton seed as well, so that you could raise no more," said a Union soldier.

"I believe you," remarked the rebel. "It won't do to believe all you hear."

"Not in this instance, at any rate."

"We have worked in every way in our power to keep the cotton from falling into your hands, and now to see you caring so little when you see it burning; I can scarcely believe my own eyes."

"Yes, there are a good many strange things in this world."

"And none more strange than this," remarked the rebel musingly.

We positively knew the Confederates lost 28 in killed, wounded and prisoners, but the



"I THOUGHT YOU WANTED COTTON."

loss was no doubt much more than this, as they always concealed their losses as much as possible. Several of their leading men were captured; among whom was Judge Robinson, in full Confederate uniform, who had been doing what damage he could to our soldiers. This man had a good deal of influence in the community where he resided, and his capture was felt by the secessionists. But for great forbearance on the part of Maj. Humphrey he would have shot Robinson through and through while he was endeavoring to make his escape.

A body of Arkansas riflemen had been posted in and near a white dwelling-house beyond the Waddell house, and poured a galling fire into our men, doing some damage. Upon discovering this the Colonel led two companies toward it, when the riflemen escaped, leaving several females in the building. As the Union soldiers came up these females commenced a great outcry and fainted.

THEIR HOUR HAD COME.

The Union soldiers, seeing their terror, left them unmolested and in quiet possession of their domicile. It was said afterward that several of the Confederate soldiers were secreted in the house; some of the negro slaves insisting upon it.

There was a dense forest back of the house, and the Confederate soldiers sought its shades with the utmost precipitation when the Illinois cavalrymen started after them with drawn sabers. In fact, no better place of concealment and safety could have been found than the woods near the farm.

Col. Brackett particularly recommended to the notice of the Major-General commanding the good conduct of Maj. Humphrey, Capt. Burgh, Knight, Cameron, Cowan, Blackmore and Perkins, Lieuts. Benton, Hillier, Shear, Conn, Butler and Smith, and First Serg't Clark, of the 9th Ill. Cav., and Capt. Williams, Lieuts. Madison and Ballou, and First Serg't Miller, of Bowen's Mo. Cav. battalion. He also thanked Surg. James W. Brackett for his care of the wounded, and Battalion Adj't Blackburn, Regimental Quartermaster Price and Serg't Maj. Price, all of the 9th Ill. Cav., for their efficient services on this occasion. His small brigade of Illinois and Missouri troops had done exceedingly well, and he was

JUSTLY PROUD OF THEM.

On account of the saber charge of the cavalrymen, this engagement has received a good deal of attention from military men, and it has been referred to on many occasions. The main features of the fight were as given before, though some riflemen, who had been sent here especially by Maj. Gen. Hindman, of the Confederate army, did what damage they could with their weapons. From their earliest youth the men of Arkansas are trained to use the rifle and become very expert, and it is wonderful they did no more execution on this occasion; but the truth was the moral effect of the charge had taken the spirit out of them, and they dreaded the coming of our men beyond measure. Sabers won the day here beyond any doubt.

After gathering what was necessary for the men and horses the command returned to their encampment across White River. The commanding officer was somewhat apprehensive that he would be attacked while on the march, as he feared the Confederate forces would rally and give him another taste of their quality after darkness set in, but nothing occurred and he reached his destination in safety, much to the satisfaction of all concerned. Hooker's Corps and the Arkansas riflemen had been too severely

handled to wish for a repetition of their day's experience, preferring rather to continue their march down toward Col. Matlock's camp, where they felt safe. This defeat

CHAGRINED THE CONFEDERATES greatly, and Hooker was ordered to Little Rock for trial by court-martial. The result of this trial is not known, and other defeats following closely upon the heels of this one, the authorities found they would have their hands full if they attempted to punish every one who met with a reverse. Gen. Hindman, who was in supreme command, became very arbitrary and unpopular, especially so as he ordered the execution of several Confederate soldiers. He was relieved from command in Arkansas, was sent West, and from there to Richmond, where he remained some time, never recovering his hold upon the people of his State. Eventually he was assassinated at Helena, Ark., in September, 1863, by one of his former soldiers, in retaliation for some real or fancied wrong received at his hands.

Written for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.
A SOLDIER'S CONFIDENCE.

[BY LIEUT. S. CROSBLEY, CO. H, 118TH PA.]

As at my office door I sat
At closing of the day,
One who had been of stalwart frame
Approached me from the way.
"Stranger," he said, his voice was low,
His cheeks were wan and pale,
Marks, too, that told that on life's sea
He'd weathered many a gale—
"I'm not a prowl'n' round for food
Nor beggin' stranger's cash,
But I've a question I would ask—
I ask no answer rash,

"And no offense I'll take, if ye see,
If none you have to give;
I'll not be bother'n' folks much more,
I've not got long to live.

"You see, 'way back in '61
I donned the army blue,
And through the fearful thing I went—
I saw it through and through.

"I've mark that gash upon my cheek?
A saber put it there,
'Twas handled by a rebel—
Poor wretch, he got his share;

"But ere I'd faced him, straight, just here,
Just here where we all live,
A misde pierced me, mind ye,
I tell you positive!

"I sank to earth and thought that Bill
Was then done up for good,
But soon I found my framework
Made up of solid wood;

"The doctors put me in repair
And back again I went,
And to the trenches ever came
As good as e'er they sent.

"Now when the war was over
I'd just nolonger to live,
I'd asked for work on every side
But none had work to give;

"So off I cut 't' the Rockies,
'Poor man had died, meanwhile,
I had none to go for—
And didn't care a styple."

"I had my ups and downs, of course,
(My wife and girls are gone),
I've never asked of stranger aught
Nor from a comrade drawn;

"But now I'm nothing but a wreck—
As useless as a kid—
You put me up at auction,
I'd never make a bid.

"They told me ere I left the ranch
That I'd ought make a claim
For pension—so they call it—
(No matter 'bout the name).

"Well, then it struck me full and fat
The thing was just and right,
And thought, of course, headquarters
Would see it in that light;

"And so I wrote the President,
Seen's he's the biggest gun,
Assured that when he'd read the facts
My case was good as won.

"I've not took stock in politics—
In fact I've not had time,
And who shall run the big machine
I'd never give a dime;

"Except that dear 'Old Glory'
Shall be kept war'n' right—
The next time I fold me over again
Be found in bloody fight!

"But when, at last, a letter came
As stiff and cold as ice,
(Although the language, to be sure,
Was proper, straight and nice).

"But tell'n' me how long ago
The time since I was popped,
And say'n' how he thought 'twas time
That all such claims were stopped;

"Well, I was mad; perhaps I swore,
To think that such a bluff
Should come from such a source as that,
Stranger, I think it tough!

"I calculate there's some mistake
The people made this time;
When loyal soldiers ask their rights
'Tis treated as a crime!

"A word, I now remember,
Was strong across the street
In Washington, as we marched by,
'T'wards home with weary feet;

"It ran like this, now mark you!
'The debt we cannot pay,
In that we owe our soldiers
Who won for us the day!'

"I thought that meant no shamshow
For poor old huts like our old huts
'But, pard,' (excuse me) seems somehow
There's been a change, d' ye see.

"Well, I have bore'd you long enough,
My story's been too long,
And to be tak'n' of your time
Is, certain sure, dead wrong.

"Now what I want to know is this—
I'll give it to you straight:
Is there a union in this town
Where sejers congregate?

"I've heard it often in the mines
As how a big combine
Has been made up among the boys
On mutual help design.

"I tell you, 'pard,' (beg pardon, friend),
There never breathe'd a man
I'd count the money on my money on
Then them of such a clan.

"I know 'em well—they're slickers,
'Tie'd 't' stay in any fight,
And you can bet your dollars
They'll always do the right.

"I want a consultation, see,
As I've no friends around,
And seed'n's low my earthly frame
Is sink'n' to the ground!"

"And now if you can pilot me
To where the boys are found
You'll do a favor, 'pard,' I swear,
'Till please me down 't' the ground."

Full well I found his confidence
Had not been vain misplaced,
As twelvemonth hence I joined the throng
That saw him clay-enacted;
That with a brother's tenderness
There dropped the falling tear,
And fondly pressed the laurel wreath
Upon the lowly bier.

CHICKAMAUGA.

The Conspicuous Gallantry of Van Derveer's Brigade.

BREASTING THE STORM.

It Meets Without Flinching the Shock of Battle.

TWO DAYS OF FIGHTING,

And the Last to Leave the Well-Contested Field.

BY S. P. ZEHRLING, 35TH OHIO, GERMANTOWN, OHIO.

More than 24 years ago—Sept. 19 and 20, 1863—there was fought on the northern borders of Georgia, along the banks of the Chickamauga River, a battle which for fierceness, hard fighting, charges and counter-charges and loss of life has rarely been equalled on this continent. It takes its name from the stream along whose banks the conflict raged.

Chickamauga is an Indian name, meaning "river of blood," and surely it does not now seem inappropriately named. Realizing the impossibility of giving a general account of the two days' battle in the space allotted to me, I shall confine what I have to say mainly to the part taken by the Third Brigade, Third Division, Fourteenth Corps. The division was commanded by Gen. Brannan, a most meritorious and gallant officer, loved and respected by his men. The brigade, commanded by Gen.—then Colonel—F. Van Derveer, of the 35th Ohio, consisted of the 9th Ohio, Col. Kammerling; 35th Ohio, Lieut. Col. H. V. Boynton; 2d Minn., Col. George, and 87th Ind., Col. Gleason. While the battle proper was fought on the 19th and 20th, there had been considerable skirmishing and maneuvering for several days prior thereto.

It may be well if we go back a few weeks and notice the position of the two armies and their movements which made this battle necessary. In the latter part of August the army of Gen. Bragg

OCCUPIED CHATTANOOGA, on the south bank of the Tennessee River, which was the key to the mountain ranges of East Tennessee and Georgia, and in a naturally strong position. The Union army lay north of the river, in the vicinity of Winchester and McMillanville, Tenn., commanded by Gen. Rosecrans. The problem for our side was to gain possession of Chattanooga. Two courses were open: to force a passage across the river above Chattanooga and make a direct attack upon the entrenched enemy, or to cross farther down the river at different places, and over rugged roads and through mountain gaps move on the enemy's line of communications. Briefly, the Union commander must fight the enemy, or he must flank him out; and the latter was the chosen method.

Late in August this movement began. In order to deceive Bragg several brigades demonstrated along the river front above and opposite Chattanooga, thus masking the real movements of our forces and enabling Gen. Rosecrans to cross the river below Chattanooga with his entire army, and

WITHOUT OPPOSITION.

Gen. Bragg doubtless felt safe from a direct attack, and did not foresee that Gen. Rosecrans would throw the Union army upon his line of communications; hence no opposition was made to the passage of the river at different points.

Brannan's Division crossed at the mouth of Battle Creek on self-constructed rafts; other divisions farther down on rafts and pontoons. Once across, three obstacles pre-



THE REBEL BRIGADIER.

sented themselves between us and Bragg's line, namely, Raccoon, Sand and Lookout Mountains. By Sept. 6 Sand Mountain had been crossed, and the army lay along the western slope of Lookout Mountain, from a point six or seven miles from Chattanooga to Valley Head, about 35 miles distant.

To dislodge the enemy from Chattanooga it became necessary to carry Lookout Point where it abuts the Tennessee River—a bold promontory overlooking Chattanooga, and to cross Lookout Mountain through the gaps farther south, and move directly on the rebel line of communications. The former was considered impracticable, and orders were given to cross the mountains—Gen. McCook with the Twentieth Corps, on the right, Gen. Thomas with the Fourteenth, in the center, and Gen. Crittenden with the Twenty-first, on the left, and down the valley. By Sept. 9

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN had been crossed, the gap seized and Gen. Thomas's Corps was firmly planted on the eastern slope, directly threatening Gen. Bragg's "cracker line."

In consequence of this successful maneuver, Gen. Bragg was compelled to evacuate

Chattanooga on the night of Sept. 8 without a battle, or even a skirmish, and the objective of the campaign fell into our hands as the result of Gen. Rosecrans's strategy. Thus far the movements, while considered perilous in view of the possibilities to the enemy, were remarkably successful.

East and West there were no active operations at this time, and the probability of a reinforcement to Bragg's army from either point should have been carefully considered, and all thought of pursuit should have given way to preparation for concentration and defense. Bragg's reasons, as given by himself, for the evacuation were that he estimated the strength of Gen. Rosecrans at



AWAITING THE ATTACK.

70,000. He anticipated the latter's union with Gen. Burnside, then at Knoxville with 25,000 men. His forces

BEING TOO WEAK to cope with these, divided from his expected reinforcements, Bragg was compelled to fall back to meet his reinforcements, when he would turn and strike the advancing columns of Rosecrans in detail as they would separately debouch from the mountain passes. That he did not succeed in this is owing to the stupidity and failure of some of his Generals in not obeying his commands and moving promptly on our forces. These movements were also in a measure prevented by the foresight of Gens. Negley and Baird, whose divisions were in advance, and who prudently fell back and took strong positions in the mountain gaps. This was frustrated the effort to crush Gen. Thomas. Had Gen. Bragg directed his efforts to defeat the Union army in detail, against McCook or Crittenden, they being on the flanks and more exposed, the results

MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

Here occurred the great mistake of Gen. Rosecrans. Acting upon the supposition that Bragg was in full retreat, he gave McCook orders to pursue by way of Rome, Ga., and cut off any straggling bodies of rebels he might find. Thomas was directed to pursue by way of Lafayette, and Crittenden by way of Ringgold and Dalton. Had the orders been for concentration instead of pursuit, the entire army might have been in Chattanooga and in secure position for defense at least two days before the battle.

About Sept. 11 it was found that Bragg was confronting Gen. Thomas with a superior force. Then it was made necessary to begin a hasty concentration of our forces, and Gen. Thomas was compelled to remain where he then was, to await the arrival of McCook's Corps, to save it and make a movement toward Chattanooga in safety. This concentration was completed on the 17th, but too late to reach Chattanooga without a battle.

Bragg had now gathered in every available reinforcement—Longstreet from the East, Buckner from Knoxville, Walker from the army of J. E. Johnston, and the militia from Georgia.

SWELLING HIS ARMY,

according to Rosecrans's estimate, to about 90,000, and according to Bragg's own estimate to 70,000. Gen. Hill, recently, in the Century gave from the Southern standpoint his version of this battle, and I must say it is a very fair one, except as to the numbers engaged. He places Bragg's strength at 50,000, which is certainly far below the actual number. We have always thought Bragg's estimate nearest correct. The command of Gen. Rosecrans did not exceed 50,000—something less of actual fighting men.

The plan of Gen. Bragg seemed to be to envelop our left and place his army between our forces and Chattanooga. Gen. Rosecrans, anticipating this movement, ordered Gen. Thomas to move the Fourteenth Corps to the left and connect with the right of Crittenden, covering the Chattanooga roads, Crittenden being at Lee and Gordon's Mill. This movement began the evening of Sept. 13 at about 5 o'clock, and being somewhat retarded by the Twenty-first Corps's movements, gave us

AN ALL-NIGHT MARCH.

It was not until daylight Sept. 19 that we reached our destination. At this time it was supposed the rebel army was on the eastern and opposite bank of the Chickamauga River.

Col. Dan McCook, who commanded a brigade in the Reserve Corps, had made a reconnaissance the day before from the vicinity of Ringgold, and reached and destroyed a bridge across the river. He reported to Gen. Thomas that an isolated brigade was on the west side of the river, and that the bridge being destroyed a prompt movement would capture the brigade. Gen. Thomas ordered Gen. Brannan—the movements of whose division I shall follow more closely in the remainder of this sketch—to move forward, reconnoiter the enemy, and, if possible, capture this brigade.

Waiting a few moments to prepare a little coffee for breakfast, we moved forward. Many comrades will remember what

ALACRITY AND CHEERFULNESS the troops advanced, expecting to bring back some trophy an entire rebel brigade as prisoners. While we failed to capture this brigade, perhaps we did as well by developing the enemy, and for the first time finding a large portion of the Confederate army this side of the river.

Although both armies had been maneuvering in close proximity to each other for

several days, each commander was ignorant of the special dispositions of the other, and thus a merely tentative advance became the initiative of one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Gen. Bragg had hoped to conceal his effort to throw his army between Rosecrans and Chattanooga. He was not aware that Gen. Thomas had made this move to the left the night previous.

Gen. Brannan posted the Second Brigade, Col. Croxton, on our right to connect with Gen. Baird's Division, and with the First and Third, commanded by Cos. Connell and Van Derveer, moved forward, making quite a detour to the left. Croxton, moving directly with the division of Baird, first encountered the enemy, capturing some prisoners. The enemy,

BEING HEAVILY REINFORCED,

drove Baird's Regular Brigade back in disorder and doubled it up on Van Derveer's Brigade, and it was only prevented from breaking through our ranks by the boys of the 35th Ohio putting the bayonets on their guns and compelling them to pass around to our left. These men coming back pell-mell, yelling lustily "the whole rebel army is before us; we will all be killed," and other such exaggerated expressions, were very trying to the courage of the regiment, but nobly did it stand to its post and face the enemy. Then for the first time we met the "isolated brigade" McCook had left this side of the river, and which we had come to capture. The rebels, flushed with apparent success, came on with a rush, but met with a stubborn obstacle in the shape of Van Derveer's Brigade and were gallantly repulsed, though not until after an hour or more had been spent in the exchange of "compliments" at close range.

About this time the 9th Ohio—the German regiment of our brigade—undertook the recapture of a battery of artillery which had been taken from King's Regular Brigade by the rebels just before. The charge of this regiment was exceedingly

GALLANT, BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL. The capture of these guns was mainly due to the fact that the conflict occurred upon ground thickly covered with trees and undergrowth, and consequently unfavorable for the rapid movement of artillery, as also for its effective use. Except for a few fields here and there, the whole battlefield was thickly wooded, and divisions